

A

RELIGIOUS ODE,

Occasioned by the

PRESENT REBELLION.

[Price Six Pence.]

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Written Oct. 11, 1745.

By a CLERGYMAN. K

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall*,

And Sold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-row*.

MDCCXLV.

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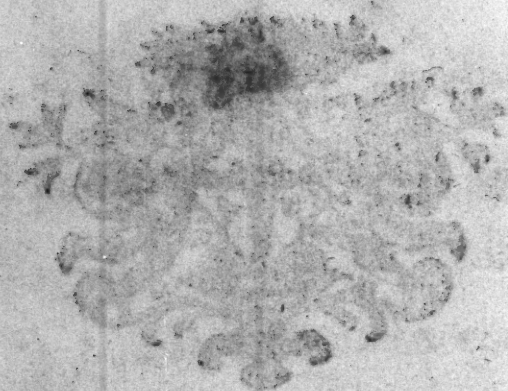
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Occasioned by the

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I.

JEHOVAH, whose almighty Will
 From Nothing rais'd this spacious Ball;
 Whose sacred Pleasure to fulfil
 Extended Empires rise and fall;
 The Winds and Seas obey thy potent Nod,
 The Mountains melt beneath thy threatening Rod.

II.

Tho' Scarlet Crimes our Country stain,
 Ripe for severest Vengeance grown,
 And Infidels Assurance gain
 To DAVID's modest Fool unknown,
 Yet while to Thee with contrite Hearts we bow,
 Let boundless Love retard th' impending Blow.

III.

Thy Mercies, Lord! o'er All extend,
 The thoughtless Brutes thy Bounty share,
 And to Creation's utmost End
 Is felt thy providential Care:
 Seraphic Hosts thy Fiat can empow'r,
 To guard from hostile Flames BRITANNIA'S Shore.

IV.

IV.

In vain our Arms and Counsels joyn
 Unaided by thy pow'rful Word,
 Legions and Fleets in vain combine
 With Magazines of Thunder stor'd :
 All Confidence in Armies we disclaim,
 Our only Stay is thy Eternal Name.

V.

Of choicest Seed a sacred Vine,
 Here planted by thy bounteous Hand,
 Around the Regal Oak did twine,
 And rising blest the thirsty Land ;
 With verdant Beauty while its Tendrils shoot,
 Unrival'd Sweetness swell'd the gen'rous Fruit.

VI.

Confirm'd in SION was its Seat,
 Its Branches to the Ocean spread,
 And Pilgrims from the sultry Heat,
 Were kindly shelter'd by its Shade:
 None e'er cou'd deeply of the Vintage taste,
 But wish'd th' ambrosial Plant might always last.

VII.

But, Gracious Lord! how is it grown
 A Scorn to thy insulting Foes?
 How are the Fences trampled down,
 Which wont her Borders to enclose?
 Above, lascivious Goats the Boughs devour;
 Below, tis rooted by the Forest Boar.

VIII.

[9]

VIII.

Once more with Tenderness regard
The Plant of thy peculiar Care,
That it, with former Strength repair'd,
May Clusters in Perfection bear.
May BRITAIN'S Sons, till Time shall be no more,
The Fruit enjoy, the Founder's Name adore.

IX.

What Hearts but pierc'd with Sorrow bleed,
While fatal Desolation reigns,
And Violence destroys with speed
The Harvests of the trembling Swains?
While fell Rebellion takes gigantic Strides,
And drives on Ruin with such sweeping Tides.

[10]
X.

O! if our Crimes thy Wrath demand,
And Justice must thy Law fulfil,
Chastise us with thy gentle Hand,
But leave us not to human Will:
In Thee the Parent o'er the Judge prevails,
Man's Fury spares where his Dominion fails.

XI.

Blessings in Wrath thy Thoughts employ,
Tho' sinful Dust thy Vengeance brave,
And tho' with Ease Thou canst destroy,
Thou wilt with greater Pleasure save.
Let Plague or Famine ravage unconfin'd,
Restrain thy greatest Scourge ---- the Zealots of Man-
kind.

XII.

XII.

Indulge us thy enlightning Word,
 The Volumes which our Hopes contain,
 Let not convincing Flame and Sword,
 In spite of Reason, Faith constrain.
 In all Distresses let our Thoughts be free,
 O Heart-discerner, to ourselves and Thee.

XIII.

Tho' clear yet deep the Scripture flows,
 To humble Pride and Patience try,
 Yet Reason never can oppose,
 Nor to our Senses give the Lye.
 What all our godlike Faculties offends
 To Inspiration but in vain pretends.

XIV.

Thy Law is holy, just, and good,
 To Bliss by Virtue points the Way,
 And Faith with gen'rous Love endow'd
 With Crowns immortal will repay:
 To Faith thus rais'd propitious Succour lend,
 And GEORGE the Guardian of this Faith defend.

XV.

There Charity (Celestial Guest !
 From bleeding EUROPE almost driven)
 Breaths in each Page, and warmly prest
 Appears this Doctrine worthy Heav'n !
 That Church is evidently most Divine,
 In which her Graces with most Lustre shine.

XVI.

May, gracious God, the Tempest fled,
 Peace smile with Beauty more serene,
 Let Heav'nly Truth her Blessings shed,
 And Plenty crown the happy Scene.
 To Thee we'll dedicate our lengthen'd Days,
 And in thy Temple celebrate thy Praise.

XVII.

BRITANNIA hence, like Gold by Fire,
 Shall from Afflictions rise refin'd,
 Thy Rod Repentance will inspire,
 Which thy chastising Grace design'd.
 As by the pow'rful Wand of MOSES struck
 The Streams flow'd copious from the stubborn Rock.

NOTES on the foregoing ODE.

THESE Notes are added to this Performance not from an Opinion that it wanted them (perhaps it would appear to more Advantage without them) but for the same Reason that the Poem itself was undertaken, *viz.* in hopes of doing some Service to the Public.

Stanza 5. It may not be improper to give some short Account of the Vine here referred to: The Seed of it was originally sown in the Garden of *Eden*, by the Hand of the Creator, for the Benefit of the Sons of *Adam* throughout all Generations. And it is remarkable, that the Virtues both of the Tree of Knowledge and of the Tree of Life were happily united in it. But, after some Ages elapsed, hardly any Traces of it were to be found. It was then restored in *Horeb*, and confin'd to a small Compass of Land, for a long Tract of Time. After which it dwindled and brought forth four Grapes. Above Seventeen hundred Years ago it was engrafted anew of genuine Seed in *Palestine*: From whence, soon after, it overspread a great Part of the World, and was transplanted into *Great Britain*. But in some length of Time running wild here, and producing little more than Leaves; near Two Centuries ago (the Period alluded to in the Poem) it was prun'd and cultivated with mas-

tain all the vital Branches, and leave nothing luxuriant. At the same time a goodly Hedge was rais'd for its Security. Then it brought forth Fruit in great Abundance and Perfection, and soon became the Glory of the Age. Of late it has been much neglected, and some of those who were hired to dig about and improve it, have contributed to lay it open to the Common: Insomuch that it is now over-run with Weeds and Thistles. Whether the Lord of the Vineyard will immediately take it away from a People so unworthy of it, which he has evidently and with Justice threatned, or spare it a little longer, for farther Trial, he alone knows. This is certain, that nothing can preserve it long among us, but the diligent Care of the Stewards and Labourers to restore the Fruit to its former Goodness.

Stanza 12. v. 1. The Papists do not allow the common People to read the Bible, that being lockt up, as well as their Prayers, in a Language they do not understand. This appears to us somewhat surprizing, for a Christian Church not to permit its Members to read what God says to them, or to know what they say to God; and to deprive them of the most effectual means of coming to the Knowledge of their Duty. St. Paul tells us, the

and requires us *to pray with the Understanding*, and has almost a whole Chapter, 1 COR. xiv. against performing Divine Service in an unknown Tongue. The Primitive Christians would sooner suffer Martyrdom than part with their Bibles. Those who parted with them were called *Traditores*.

Stanza 12. Y 6. There can hardly be form'd an Idea of greater Misery and Slavery to a sincere Protestant than under absolute Popery: where Men are persecuted even for their Opinions: where Cruelty is us'd to force them against their Consciences to profess the most absurd Doctrines, and to practise Idolatry, so expressly forbidden in Scripture, and so particularly offensive to Almighty God. See a remarkable Instance of Persecution in *The Daily Advertiser*, Nov. 8, 1745.

Stanza 13. Transubstantiation, or the substantial Change of the Elements of Bread and Wine into the Flesh and Blood of our Saviour, which is the known Doctrine of the Papists concerning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, hath been prov'd over and over again by Protestant Writers, both at home and abroad, to be contrary to Scripture, Sense, and Reason. A small Treatise of Dr. Rogers, publish'd a few Years ago, is sufficient to demonstrate the Absurdity of this Doctrine.

Stanza 14. Y 6. His present Majesty's Title to the Crown is indisputable; and that our Obedience is due to

him, is evident from Scripture; from the Nature and Ends of Government, from the Laws of our Constitution, from the Custom of our own Country, and that of others. After King *James's* Abdication, considering the Settlement had the Sanction of the united Voice of the People, by their proper Representatives, and has since continued thro' several (Four) Successions for near Threescore Years, I do not see how it is possible for any one to have a stronger Title. No King of *England* ever had a better. The Notion of indefeasible hereditary Right is certainly groundless in a limited Monarchy, and calculated only to promote Slavery, as it must do, should it take place again in a Person whom we have abjured, whose Policy would enslave, and whose Religion would destroy us.

Stanza 15. Y 6. Whether Charity be a Mark of the Church of *Rome*, may be easily determin'd when we reflect on the Martyrs here in Queen *Mary's* Reign, and the Inquisition in other Countries. Indeed the Cruelties of that Church are so notorious, that this Consideration alone, one would think sufficient to discourage any among us from becoming Profelytes to it. For how shocking is the Reflection? — If I become a Convert to it, I must renounce the strongest Obligations of Duty and Nature! I must be a Rebel to my King, a Traitor to my Country, and be ready to lend a helping hand to destroy my dearest Friends and Relations, whenever the Interest of that Church

Church or her Emissaries require it. Whose Understanding is so weak as to be persuaded over to so uncharitable a Religion? Whose Conscience is so venal as to be bribed into so barbarous a Service? And how detestable is their Faith, whose constant and most pre-vailling Method of making Converts, is Bribery when out of Power, and Persecution when in? *The Time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth God Service*, JOHN xvi. 2. This is indeed a Prophecy, and we have often known it fulfill'd, but it is far from being a Doctrine of the Christian Religion. That is all over Love and Tenderness, and be it the Glory of the Church of *England* always to excel in it.

Stanza 17. Whatever national Calamities befall us, we must acknowledge to be just, for our walking so unworthily of such extraordinary Means of Grace. May this Consideration excite all of us to lead holy and exemplary

Lives, agreeably to the Light we have received, and the Profession we make, that our pure and excellent Religion may, by God's Mercy, be continued to us and our Posterity!

The Reader will take notice, that in these Remarks I have only cursorily reflected upon such particular Doctrines of the Church of *Rome* as were glanced at in the Poem. If he is desirous to see Popery effectually confuted in every Branch, let him consult the Tracts against it, written just before and in the Reign of King *James II.* lately collected and published in Three Volumes Folio, which I could wish were in every Parish. — Among them there are Two small Discourses — One a Sermon of Bishop *Lloyd's* in Vol. II. preach'd before the King at *White-hall*. — The other, a Discourse of Dr. *Claggett* — entitled *the Difference of the Case, &c.* in Vol. III. which I wish were in every House in *England*.

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F I N I S.